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RUCK

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COAL IS KING IN THE FAR EAST.

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11 SOFT, 1898.

WENN



THE PARTY AT FAULT.

THE PROUD FATHER.—Oh! come, now! You were a boy yourself, once.

THE IRATE NEIGHBOR.—May be I was; but I did n't have an idiot of a father to encourage me to make myself an infernal nuisance!

QUALIFIED TO SPEAK.

“Oh, no!” said the prosperous-looking individual with the eagle eye; “I would be a howling Prohibitionist myself if Prohibition would work.

But I know that no power on earth will keep some men from drinking.”

“How do you know?” asked the Prohibitionist.

“I'm a base-ball manager.”

IT HAS ADDED TO OUR VOCABULARY.

SHE.—Golf, certainly, has enriched the English language.

HE.—Decidedly! I understand that some of the players have invented a surprising number of new swear words.

THE YELLOW KIND.

“Scroggins is in the newspaper line.”

“He once intended to become a criminal lawyer.”

“Well, he has become a criminal journalist!”

NO MAN is truly wise who has never considered himself a chump.



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IN THE KLONDIKE.

“No,” said the miner, gently but firmly to the applicant for relief, “I'll give you money, but I can't let you have any food.”

The applicant for relief turned sorrowfully away.

PROGRESS.

“They say the missionaries are doing great work in China.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes; there is talk of establishing a Keeley Institute there.”



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A SUBURBANITE'S PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

MR. ISOLATE (*of Lonelyville, returning home on the evening train, with basket of groceries*).—I have got a splendid practical suggestion that I am going to give to our railroad officials!

MR. HERMITAGE (*ditto, interestedly*).—What is it?

MR. ISOLATE (*eloquently*).—I shall advise that, instead of having the train-boys peddling comic papers containing unfounded slurs upon idealistic suburban life, trashy novels, candy, dates, and such nonsensical things, through the cars, that they be provided with a line of fresh vegetables, butter, eggs, fish and oysters in season, and the other necessities of life.



A SHORT HISTORY OF THE HAWAIIAN PEOPLE.



MANY YEARS AGO the dusky natives of Hawaii were savages and given to idolatry and all manner of wickedness. This was before the white man came among them with small-pox, leprosy and other strange diseases which caused them to sicken and die off in great numbers. And so in those bright days, before the black octopus of civilization had spread itself over the land and taken away their homes, their lives, and their religion, these savages were a happy and guileless people.

But they had one fault. They were cannibals. They ate shipwrecked sailors — they were very fond of sailors — and when there was no ill wind to blow them a good dinner they turned to and ate each other. They did not like to do this, for even these simple savages were epicures in their way, and preferred white meat when they could get it. All of which was, of course, very wrong and sinful; but now we shall see how God punished them for their wickedness.

Missionaries began to come to Hawaii. It seems that these savages were not very good linguists or very keen observers, for they did not notice in their haste that these missionaries were different from the rude mariners who had cursed and sworn at them. No; they did not understand these gentle men, or the message they brought — at first — but ate them even as they had eaten the poor sailors who had preceded them. But because there were more of the missionaries than there had been of the sailors they ate the more glutonously until indigestion spread among them like an epidemic — they were beginning to be civilized.

And then a great fear fell among these ignorant people, and the wisest among them perceived that it would be less painful to be exterminated slowly by the insidious germs of civilization than to die immediately of indigestion. And so they denied their graven gods and were converted — some even becoming vegetarians and wearing clothes, which was a great hardship, and teaches us that even the heart of a savage can be reached through his stomach.

Now their kings gave them a great deal of trouble — as kings often do — and were apt to be dictatorial and assertive — as kings often are. But they were very good-natured kings, and being quite unfettered by any religious prejudices themselves, and not wishing to show any favoritism, they tried to give every missionary a chance — which led to a great deal of confusion. For there were all kinds, Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian, and many others. And so it befell that the death of a king became a signal for a religious upheaval. A poor convert might retire at night peace-

fully at rest in the bosom of the mother church, and then wake up only to embrace the sterner doctrines of Methodism or something more exacting — perhaps even Unitarianism. And so religious dyspepsia prevailed in Hawaii. Many of the natives became discouraged, and, casting off their garments, descended again into savagery. This, then, is the reason why the few surviving natives are opposed to annexation; they fear more missionaries — more creeds — more civilization.

W. F. Rice.



BUT WHAT A DAY FOR WORKING!

UNCLE SILAS.—They say the nights in the Summer are only four hours long up in them Klondike gold fields.

UNCLE HIRAM.—T would n't do for a feller ter begin a game o' checkers after supper up there. It'd be gitin'-up time before he could git fairly interested in the game.

F. Ober
1898
23316



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A DIAGNOSIS OF TOMMY'S CASE.

MAMA.—Tommy Jones stays away from school quite frequently.
Is he delicate?

JOHNNY.—No 'm; but his mother thinks he is.

ITS ONLY FLAW.



Y FLAT has got a dining-room,
A bed-room, parlor, too;
Library, sitting-room and all—
And yet the fact I rue.

For with all these facilities
It lacks the salient one;
This very tidy little flat
Of breathing room has none.

McLandburgh Wilson.

COLD SCIENCE.

PAPA.—Science teaches that babies should not be rocked.
MAMA.—H'm! Science has very little regard for the folks who live upstairs.

A PLAUSIBLE OPINION.

"I met a Southerner, yesterday, who insists that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' brought on the war."

"Well, some of the companies I have seen in the play were quite sufficient to provoke hostilities!"



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FULL OF GRAND MARCHES AND QUICKSTEPS.

OLETIMER.—Is your married life one grand sweet song?

NEWLYWED.—Well, since I got a baby it's more like a grand opera, with loud calls for the author every night.

NATURALIZED, ANYHOW.

JIMMY.—Somebody tolle me dat "solar plexus"
wuz a Latin word.

TOMMY.—Don't yer believe it! It's good United States.

A DESCRIPTION.

LITTLE MISS ÉLITE.—What is the Klondike, Mama?

MAMA.—It is a place, my dear, to which people go in order to become parvenus.

THE CURSE FULFILLED.

The mission of the cooking school?

Why, the cooking school's the place
Where women learn to make the bread
No man shall eat, or so 't is said,
Save in the sweat of his face.

THE DIFFERENCE between pride and vanity
is that we have one and other people
have the other.

IT WOULD be easy enough to elevate the
stage if the stage were not anchored to
the audience.



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SATISFYING A SKEPTIC.

YOUNG MOKEY (*sullenly*).—I wants ma' fo' dollahs back,
dat I paid for dis chawm, Unc' Johnsing; none ob ma' dreams
come true.

UNC' JOHNSING (*the Conjure Man*).—Doan' you remember
de dreams dat you fo'git; de dreams you know you dream but
can't recall?

YOUNG MOKEY.—Why, yas! Many times I know I hab
had dreams, but in de mawnin' I can't rec'lec' dem!

UNC' JOHNSING (*impressively*).—DEM's de witch dreams!
DEM's de ones dat come true!

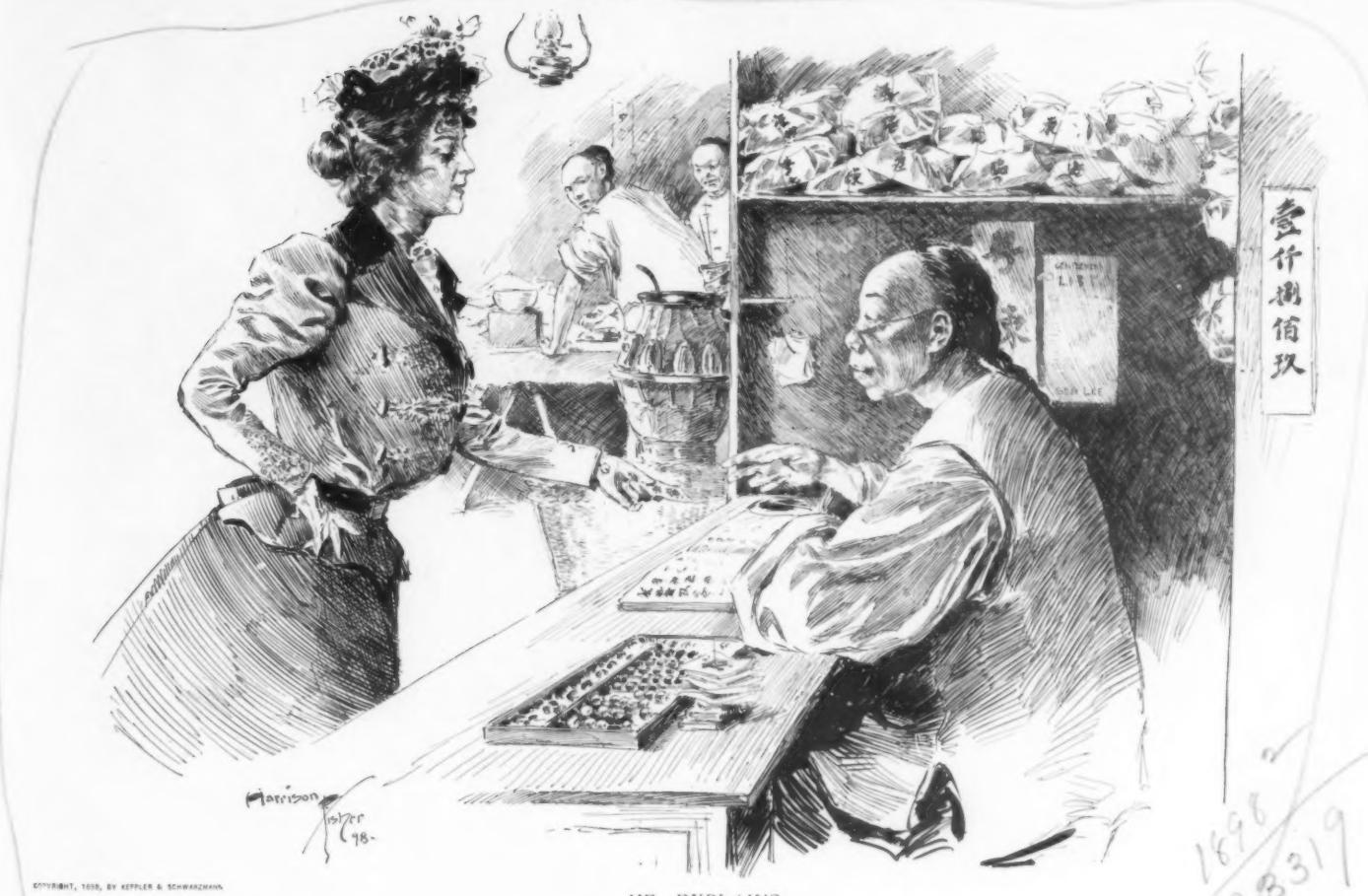
SPRING PROBLEMS.

"What is John figuring about?"

"He's trying to find out whether it will be cheaper to move after
those folks who have moved away, or, to buy a lawn-mower ourselves."

THE COLOR of truth is a good deal like the color of anything else; it
looks different to different eyes.

THE MISTAKES of other people do much to inspire us with confidence in
our own ability.



HE EXPLAINS.

SUE BRETT.—Why don't you Chinks learn American bookkeeping, so you won't have to use these crazy checks?

THE PROPRIETOR.—No like um! Hop Sing learn um Mission School — keep books for me — embezzle sixteen dolla's in one week and skip out — what you call um, jus' like Melican bookkeep!

THE IMP OF MOODS.



Y JOB's distributing moods. I guess
The most malicious of imps could not
Be better suited, should he possess
The sense of humor that I have got.
In mirth I fairly luxuriate:
I send, for instance, to him who's won
His life's ambition, a mood of hate
For his achievements—I say, there's fun!

To writer fellows who have to do
A piece of work in a given time,
I send an indolent mood; and to
Reforming wretches a mood for crime;
Dyspeptics suffer a hungry mood,
I send extravagant words to those
Engaged in struggles to keep a brood
Of growing babies in food and clothes.

But lovers offer me more than these:
I cover *him* in a mood for doubt,
While *her* I clothe in a mood to tease.
(This trick has parted the most devout.)
At times I render the lady sad,
And make the lover absurdly gay—
For broken matches one year I had
A score of twenty and five per day.

The imp professions include a range
From those who carry about disease
To imps of accidents, who arrange
Those nice collisions; but none of these
Approach my specialty's boundless scope;
And, when I'm feeling in witty vein,
All imps acknowledge they could n't hope
To cause a merrier scene of pain.

Layton Brewer.

SLEEP.

The villain clutched the jagged stone frantically.
"With this," he hissed, his bosom heaving, "I could put him to sleep forever!"
For there are, to a virtual certainty, sermons in stones.

IF SOME people were brighter they would reflect more; and, by the way, if they would reflect more they might be brighter.



THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.

MRS. ROSENBAUM.—Mrs. Katzenstein vas just here; — der im-pudence ohf dot woman!

MR. ROSENBAUM.—Vot did she say?

MRS. ROSENBAUM (*indignantly*).—Asked me vot I vas going to make out ohf der baby — shoost as if he vas for sale!

THE TOURISTS' MISTAKE.



"T SHORE beats my time how onfamiliar Eastern people is with the ways of the world!" casually remarked Alkali Ike to the prominent citizens assembled in the office of Judge Stringer, the well-known Oklahoma jurist. "Had to laugh when I was on the train comin' back from Wichita, yesterday. There was a passel of tourists scattered around near me, an' settin' cattycornered across the car from me was a bridal couple. An' the way them new-married people kanoolded an' ochy-goochled was a scandal an' a shame — no less!

"The groom was dressed in a red nose an' a distressin' ridin'-collar on a flannel shirt, an' the bride was got up regardless, like a spotted circus hoss, with hollyhocks on her hat and a seed-wart on her chin. He chuckled her in the Adam's apple an' asked her oo's little ducky-doodle she was, an' so on; an' she took a doughnut out of her rittycule an' broke it up into small pieces an' fed 'em to him, an' cooed that she was his'n.

"This yere repulsive spectacle made me feel a heap like the little boy that swallowed the dish-water; but it tickled the tourists a whole lot, an' made 'em laugh plenty loud an' joyous. This 'peared to sorter rile the groom, an' he ris an' remarked that he was Polecat Pete of Rantedodlar, an' that this yere was his own wife, an' that if anybody within the sound of his voice did n't like his — by gosh! — style, now was the time for 'em to offer their amendments, so to speak. He emphasized his remarks by poundin' on the back of the seat in front of him with the bar'l of his revolver, an' added that he was a mean hog an' did n't keer whur he rooted. I thought that the poor cuss had enough to bear without my shootin' him up, an' so I did n't make no play. The tourists quit snigglng, an' went to regardin' his gun mighty distrustful.

"Wal, bime-by the train rolls into the aforesaid settlement of Rantedodlar, whur the Mean Hog announces that he resides, an', as it slows up, about fifty uncurried gents comes cavoortin' out from behind the depot an' begins shootin' holes in the air an' yellin' all similar to a Kickapoo ghost-dance. The groom recognizes in this yere joyful outbreak a royal an' fittin' reception, an' he turns his gun loose into the ceilin' of the car an' whoops loud an' cheerful; an' I pulls my own gun an' lets drive into the floor of the car a few times outer sympathy an' good-fellership, as it were. "Them thar tourists, bein' nacherly timid an'

onfamiliar with the ways of the world, as I said before, mistakes this yere festal demonstration for a hold-up, an' they throws up their hands unanimous an' prompt.

Several of 'em burgun for to dig up their pocket-books an' drag out their watches an' fairly jump over each other in their burnin' eagerness to fling 'em into the bride's lap. An' one tubby old gent, with double-chins clear down to yere, jest nacherly thrusts onto me a big, fat yaller watch that was worth a couple of hundred, if it was worth a dollar.

"Them fool-peopple is that anxious to git shet of their wealth that I'm havin' the hardest kind of time diggin' it out of the bride's lap an' shovin' it back onto 'em with one hand while I'm a-tryin' to explain the matter to everybody with the other, 'spesbully as the bride is some anxious to hang onto the plunder as her rightiful due; an' the friends of the happy couple is swarmin' into the car similar to a stampede an' a-poundin' of



THE RURAL STANDARD.

WHEELER.—You say the road is in good shape all the way to Mudville?

NATIVE.—Wa-al, there's a little bad stretch 'bout ha'f a mile along, but th' rest o' th' way it's jest as good as *this* is.

the groom on the back plenty loud an' joyful, an' the tourists is all head-first under the seats, like ostriches.

"But directly I gits 'em untangled, an' the train boogles onward.

The last I sees of the happy couple, four of the groom's friends has him by the four corners an' is bumpin' his fool head against the side of the depot, like they are delighted to see him, while the rest of the crowd is whoopin' in joyous unison."

Tom P. Morgan.

SOME MEN who accumulate a great deal of money in one way or another are very reticent about another.

A MAN IS startled sometimes when he thinks of his former ignorance; but he generally feels that his present knowledge is ample.

THE SATISFACTION that comes with conscious rectitude is often shadowed by the fact that no one else knows about it.

WHEN MOST people get out of the beaten track they are liable to get a puncture.



SYMPATHETIC ADVICE.

THE COUNTESS.—I'd leave the Count, only I think that's just what would please him.

FRIEND.—Don't do it! He does n't deserve it!

1898
9/33
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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE HUMOR OF WAR. THE COMIC MUSE is without prejudice. She would as lief play with battle, murder and sudden death as with a clown. One of our contributors some years ago epitomized the comic side of the unceasing struggle between offense and defence thus: A man set out to invent a gun that would shoot through a piece of steel twelve inches thick. After many years of hard application he did it, and he saw his life-work crowned by success. The next day another man invented a piece of steel thirteen inches thick. And so the two strivings have gone on, one for an irresistible force and one for an immovable body. Nature seems to have a grimly jocose way of indicating that the true remedy for war does not lie along these lines. We have stoutly-armored battle ships and guns that pierce the armor; torpedo-boats to destroy the ships, and torpedo-boat destroyers to make another bend in the endless line. Next will come the torpedo-boat-destroyer-destroyer, and so the contest runs on to infinity, as with two mirrors face to face. We have lately seen, too, how war might be reduced to an auction, the prize to go to the successful bidder for the most battle-ships. Again, the coal situation in the far East is richly suggestive. Instead of buying all the battle-ships in the world, how much simpler to corner all the coal and put up the price until your enemy, in sheer disgust, refuses to fight rather than bloat your monopoly. Who shall say that the ultimate saving grace of human society is not in its sense of humor? We suspect it is.

CLEARING THE DECKS. PRECEDENT, FORM and Convention receive great worship up to a certain point. Beyond that point the simpler, unerring human emotions break out and have their way. The American people have been giving an instructive exhibition of these natural phenomena for two years. Precedent, Form

and Convention have had their due worship, and at this writing, their powers of suppression seem to be about exhausted. The garment of diplomacy has been stripped from the Cuban question and the people face it in its nakedness. Are there wrongs in Cuba so crying that we shall right them from motives of plain human pity? No expert in international law will determine this. The heads and hearts of the people form the court of last resort. It is a question of how far one man will imperil his own welfare to help a brother in distress. It seems certain that the American people have determined that the people of Cuba shall no longer be oppressed, regardless of any legal standing which precedent may give their oppressors. They are enlightened enough to know that war can never be anything else but wicked and heathenish; but, if they can not give the help they feel they must give without war,—if they decide that such a war would be less heathenish and wicked than the one it would stop,—they will not shirk war. There is this moral support to be had if war comes: that our spirit will not be tainted by greed. We have suffered the destruction of American interests in Cuba and the destruction of a most profitable and always increasing trade, without a murmur. No one can reasonably assert that our possible action will be due to anything but high and disinterested motives. And that moral support will be enough if war does come.

OUR MISSIONARY TO ENGLAND. PRAISE BEYOND what the press of his one-time country has yet accorded him is due to the Hon. William Waldorf Astor. He is engaged in

a noble work, nothing less than the regeneration of the British peerage. Single-handed and alone, with nothing but money, he went fearlessly among them to be their savior. Other missionaries, including Mr. Gladstone, had given them up as a bad lot, but Mr. Astor saw the divine spark in them. He knew that an earnest evangel might ultimately teach them to conquer their ancient repugnance to leading useful lives. Undaunted by rebuffs, he has worked with them until they are now writing magazine articles for him with almost human intelligence. As one who may justly be proud of his progress, Mr. Astor will now put before his former countrymen an American edition of the *Pall Mall (Pell Mell) Magazine*. In his prospectus we note that the magazine is edited by "Lord Frederic Hamilton." Then, down the list of contributors, shine such names as "Her Grace, the Duchess of Cleveland," "Lady Ramsey of Bamff," "Countess of Cork and Orrery," "Lord Ernest Hamilton," "Sir Walter Besant," "Hon. M. Cordelia Leigh" and "Hon. Mrs. Armitage." We think this is perfectly splendid. Also we refuse to be distressed or captious for that a couple of wretched commoners like Anthony Hope and A. T. Quiller-Couch disfigure the otherwise ideal roster. Mr. Astor is dealing with a tribe wary of toil, and he can not do his life-work in a day. All in good time the commoners will be banished from every department, and coronets, perchance, will flash from the heads of even his compositors, pressmen and proof-readers. Optimism is the song of the age. No gracious or worthy feat is untried or long undone.

WHEN I WAS WISE.



WISHT THAT I was young again, 'bout seventeen-year old,
For then the moon was silver, an' the sun was shinin' gold.
An' knowledge! Why, my goodness! if ye take it anyways,
I'll never know so much ag'in as I knowned in them days.
I seemed to come intew the world like Minervy, all complete;
I hed the biggest stack o' brains I'm ever like to meet;
I was fine at readin' character in every sort o' men;
An' I've been unlarnin' ever sence, the things that I knowned then!
I hed all sorts o' theories how children ought to grow,
But my young uns ain't no better than some other folks I know.
I usedt to lay the law down on all sorts an' kinds o' things,
But I ain't no better off to-day, an' hev n't growed no wings.
I ain't no better off than if I'd never knowned it all.
An' I ain't alarmed the world one bit ner made the folks feel small;
Yet when I git discouraged, an' things goes crooked-ways,
I wisht that I could know the half that I knowed in them days!

Florence E. Pratt.

PERNICIOUS FAMILIARITY.

MRS. GRAMERCY.—What was the bad social break she made that showed her plebeian origin?

MRS. PARK.—She called her butler Jim instead of James.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

"Before we were married you used to write me three letters a day."
"Did I, really?"
"Yes, you did; and now you cut up just because I ask you to write me a little bit of a cheque."

IT IS impossible to satisfy everybody; and the folks who endeavor to avoid satisfying anybody have almost as difficult a task.

TOO MUCH perfumery is bad form; even the odor of sanctity may be overdone.



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"IT'S AN ILL WIND—"

MR. FLATTE (*explaining*).—Yes; he slept in the guest-chamber of a Harlem flat one night, and he's been able to make a good living ever since.

1898
2332

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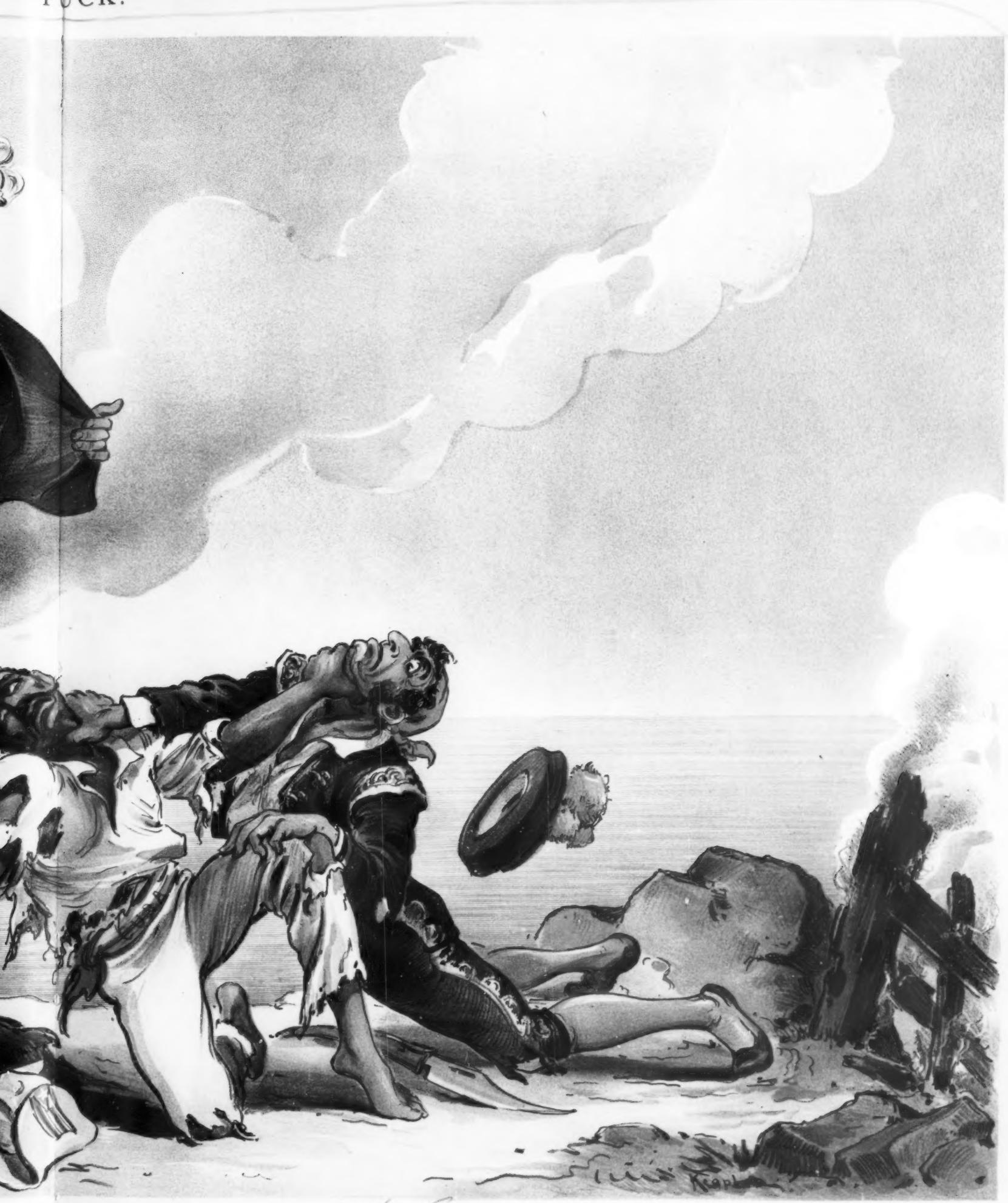


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THE PEACE

UNCLE SAM.—In the cause of human

PUCK.



J. OTTMANN LITH CO. PUCK BLDG N.Y.

THE PEACE MAKER.

In the cause of humanity it is my duty to separate them.

1898
2332

CLAWING BACKWARDS.



"R-H'M!" remarked Parson Woolliby, in an apologetic tone, before beginning the sermon, "I dooz n't want to cast inflections on nobody, bruddren an' sistahs; but Deacon Slewfoot has specified to me dat he has done found, in de collection dat has jess been took up, a pink lozenger bearin' de sentimental 'nouncement, 'I am yours forever, Darling,' an' I jess wanter say dat if dat lovin' piece ob 'fectionery was flung into de hat by mistake by a brudder, he will do us mighty proud by comin' forrad after de congregation am dismissed an' chippin' up a quarter in place ob de lozenger; an' if it was done wid sentimental intent by a sistah I'm fo'ced to 'spatiate dat I am a married man, muhself, wid a wife an' seven hungry children to suppo't, an' dat, while Brudder Slewfoot am a bachelor, he begs to be excused, b'kaze he is sawter takin' notice ob a widder-lady ober in Blackville. De choir will now sing."

HAD THE WRONG END.

SHUX.—You say that you lost all your money on one race. I thought you said you had a sure thing.

SNUX.—It was a sure thing all right, but I bet the wrong way.

HE SAW HIS ERROR.

FIRST MORMON.—And what has shaken your belief in polygamy?

SECOND MORMON (with a sigh).—My four wives.

A PESSIMIST.

MAY.—Stella looks at the dark side of everything.

MAUD.—Yes, indeed! Why, she is even afraid that she may not be able to have her own way when she is married!

AS USUAL.

"Yes, Jones has determined to go into literature. He feels that he has a message for the world."

"And, I suppose, he wants to send it 'collect?'"

A NECESSITY.

THE REPRESENTATIVE.—You want me to introduce a bill changing your name to Dennis Casey? Why?

AUBREY DELONG.—I'm going in for politics this Fall.

RETRIBUTION.

I.

"I'll be a sister to you!" she faltered. Isaac Guckenheimer staggered away.

II.

Years passed.

III.

"Ah, me!" she sighed, and shuddered.

Was it in the nature of retribution that she had been preserved to hear her prodigal son speak of Isaac Guckenheimer as his uncle?

ONE MEASURE of a man's ability is the length of time it takes him to find out when he is wrong.

OUR PRIDE in our possessions depends upon what our friends have n't got.



THE BUTCHER'S MAN.—Wot do Oi care for th' Missus whin Oi can make love to you, Biddy darlin'?

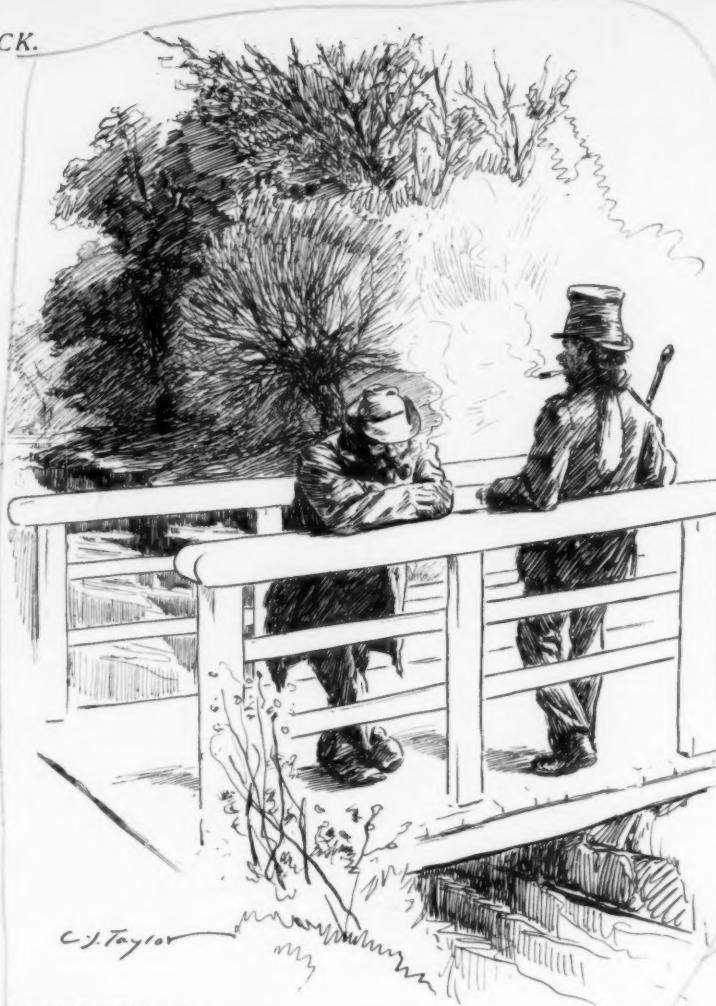


BRIDGET.—Th' Missus says as you stay here too long whin you come: but what do Oi care what she says? Just sit down there a whole an' talk to me whole Oi work, Moike darlin'!



BRIDGET.—Raise yez fate a moment, Moike dear!

!!! — ! — ! — !!!



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HE SPEAKS HIS MIND.

SWIPE DEBEERS.—De luxury dat is lavished on pet animals is er livin' shame, an' an oppression ter de common people.

WEARY DRAGGLES.—What's de matter, Swipe?

SWIPE DEBEERS.—Me am' anodder hobo swiped er box o' crackers from er store yesterday an' lugged it two miles. When we come ter open it, it was n't nothin' but dog biscuit!

GOOD ROADS' MOVEMENT.

As having led to better roads,

The wheel is much defended; —
The way of true love, never smooth,

Through it is vastly mended.

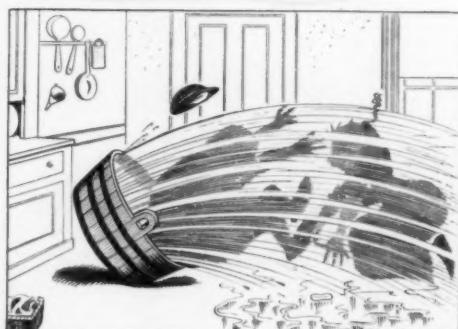
AND SO THEY ARE MARRIED.

"But I do not know you," she faltered.
The lover, however, was by no means cast down.

For it was clear that she did not know herself, either.

THERE ARE some unfortunates who can become sadder without becoming wiser.

PROGRESS HAS not yet eliminated all the folks who think that a horseshoe is of more use on a door than on a horse's foot.



1898
2324
233

PUCK.

"THERE'S NOTHING IN SIGNS."



WHY DOES the legend "Grand Hotel"
Adorn the two-story shanty,
Equipped inside with everything "snide,"
And a menu exceedingly scanty;
While the very best in the hotel line
Is sometimes void of the slightest sign?

Why does the man who cuts your cheek
Pose as "Artist Tonsorial,"
When his chief skill lies in assumed surprise;
As he carves each lasting memorial;
While "barber" is good enough for the man
Who shaves you as well as any one can?

Why are "Dressmaking Parlors" so bare
Of the slightest trait of refinement,
And in all their relations, afford indications
They've recently made an assignment;
While the elegant place where carriages stop
Is perfectly willing to be known as a "shop?"

Steer clear of "Fine Groceries," and also "Fresh Fish,"
Such a sign's a delusion and snare;
For, fish that are recent and groceries decent
Are found half a block from there—
In the store whose honest proprietor may
Hang out a card in a modest way.

The "Palace Emporium" 's always found
In a basement dark and grim;
And the "Pearl Café" shows rank decay—
Its windows with dust are dim;
The gin mill selling knockout drops
Has the sign "Pure Liquor" as one of its props.

The moral of this is very clear,
It looms up before the view;
In spite of seers who awaken your fears,
Or whatever astrologers do—
'T is exactly the same as in other lines,
Remember this: "There's nothing in signs!"



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COMING DOWN TO BUSINESS.

BRONCO PETE.—What kind of a death would you prefer to die, Tom?

TORNADO TOM.—Oh! I kinder think I'd sooner die in a feather bed, with kindly female faces clustered round, and a few weeping children, and a minister.

BRONCO PETE.—Oh! but I mean suthin' within the range of probability;—would you sooner be lynched, shot, stabbed, or hit in the head with an ax?

SUBURBAN SUBLTETY.

POSSIBLE RENTER (*from the city, examining suburban cottage*).—Is the cellar a dry one?

MR. ISOLATE (*of Lonelyville, evasively*).—Well, there may be a couple of bottles of beer in it!

READINESS.

"Are you ready," he asked, looking earnestly down into her great gray eyes, "to sacrifice home and friends and fortune for me?"

In that supreme moment, Isabel was still the true woman.

"In a minute," she answered, steadfastly.

He could not speak; he could only press her hand.



AN EXTRAORDINARY SPECTACLE.

DRUMMER.—What in the world is the matter out there in the street? One man is jumping up and down and yelling like a fiend, and another man is regarding him with silent scorn.

LANDLORD PETTYVILLE TAVERN.—The first man is Giles Tippleton, who is as blind as a bat and drinks like a fish.

He's got the jim-jams now and thinks the air all around him is full of snakes, only he can't see 'em. The other fellow is deaf-and-dumb, and imagines that Giles is trying to argue the money question with him.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

FIRST ALCHEMIST.—Shake, brother! This is a happy day.

SECOND ALCHEMIST.—Have you discovered the secret of perpetual youth?

FIRST ALCHEMIST.—No; but I have discovered a recipe for the finest cocktail you ever tasted in your life.

INDULGENCE in the luxury of not allowing people to bore him has interfered with many a man's success in life.



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SUSPICIONS AROUSED.

JOHNNY.—Wot! You fit wit' Mickey Dugan? W'y, dat feller don't know w'en he 's licked!

TOMMY.—Mebby he don't, but, by jocks! I'll bet I made him have suspicions!

1898
2332
9332

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R
New York SOHMER BUILDING
Warehouses, 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

Thin Blood

Where the blood loses its intense red—grows thin and watery, as in anemia, there is a constant feeling of exhaustion, a lack of energy—vitality and the spirits depressed.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is peculiarly adapted to correct this condition. The cod-liver oil, emulsified to an exquisite fineness, enters the blood direct and feeds its every corpuscle, restoring the natural color and giving vitality to the whole system. The hypophosphites reach the brain and nerve centres and add their strengthening and beneficial effect. If the roses have left your cheeks, if you are growing thin and exhausted from over-work, or if age is beginning to tell, use SCOTT'S Emulsion.

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.
All druggists; soc. and \$1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.



MRS. TAUKER.—Before we were married, you used to tell me how much you loved me; you never do, now.

MR. TAUKER.—No; you don't give me a chance to tell you anything, now.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

DEER PARK HOTEL.

"ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGHENIES"

DEER PARK, MARYLAND.

Several desirable cottages FOR RENT for the coming season; ready for occupancy from June 1st. These cottages are equipped for housekeeping; or, if preferred, meals can be taken at hotel.

Most desirable location in the Mountains. On line of B. & O. R. R. For terms and full information, address,

D. C. JONES, Manager, BALTIMORE, Md.

W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 Shoes

BY years of persevering endeavor, we have made possible the fact that shoes can be made to sell at popular prices and have the same material, styles and wearing qualities to be found in high price shoes. It is our earnest desire to please the public, which we endeavor to do by giving the best value in shoe leather that experience and skill can produce.

Our spring and summer styles are made on many new lasts, especially designed to counteract the annoyances usually found in summer shoes, and still retain the latest shapes. We have all the popular leathers, such as Black, Tan and Brown Vici Kid, Brown and Tan Willow Calf, Calf, Patent Calf, French Enamel, etc., made in 155 styles and widths from A to EE.

NONE GENUINE unless W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. If not convenient to our stores or dealers, try our Mail Order Department. We send shoes everywhere on receipt of price with 25 cents extra for carriage. State size and width wanted, we can fit you.

CATALOGUE FROM W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

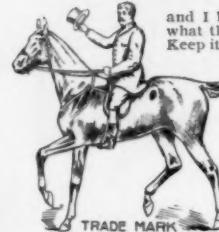


A WIDE DIFFERENCE.

FATLEIGH.—I don't care to discuss things with Brown. I never met a man so narrow.
HINKS jokingly.—You must remember Brown has lived in a flat all his life, so his views have been limited.

FATLEIGH taking it seriously.—Pshaw! That's no excuse; I live in a flat, too, and all I say is that a man must be broad enough to be in touch with all sides; that's the way I feel!

"Wherfore all this Success



and I have none," saith the croaker. A word of advice—produce what there is a great demand for, at any cost, and you'll succeed. Keep it at a standard of excellence and hold it there. Americans like a good thing and will pay for it. Americans hate a mean thing and won't have it. Thus, the

Hunter Baltimore Rye

reached the standard of the best, and is known as The American Gentleman's Whiskey. It is pure, mellow, and ten years old. Regardless of cost, it will maintain this high mark. Physicians prescribe and recommend it for its purity. Clubmen everywhere prefer it for its pure, rich flavor and its effect as a tonical stimulant.

CANDY

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

In religious controversy, ferocity is not the only sign of fidelity.—*Ram's Horn.*

Do not let the clerk sell you any other camera under the name of "Kodak."

There is no

Kodak

but the Eastman Kodak.

\$5.00 to \$25.00.

Catalogues free at Kodak agencies or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.



With facilities sufficient to manufacture every saddle needed for the trade of '98, and valuing the confidence of Lovers of the Wheel, we endeavor to keep in close touch with them, to learn their wants and not only meet but anticipate them. This enables us to claim superiority in

BEAUTY,
WORKMANSHIP,
FINISH and
QUALITY OF MATERIAL.

Garford Mfg. Co., 23 Pine St., Elyria, O.
Hunt Mfg. Co., Westboro, Mass.
Brown Saddle Co., 205 Cedar St., Elyria, O.



A FRENCH officer has invented a noiseless cannon. It will never become popular as a Fourth of July toy.—*Norristown Herald.*

"PROTECTION" SOAP.—What is it?—ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR BARBER. | WILLARD CHEMICAL CO., MALDEN, MASS.
A GERMICIDE FOR MEN AND WOMEN, AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR PILES, ECZEMA AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES. SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS

Lather the World.



Make Shaving
Easy.
Safe, Luxurious.

Standard of
the
World.

Sold all over
the
World.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS — In forms best adapted to different tastes and uses, sold everywhere.



Williams' Shaving Stick,
25 Cents.

Williams' Shaving Soap,
(Barber's)



This is the kind your barber
should use.
Exquisite for Toilet and
Bath, used in thousands of
the best families.

Sure cure for "chapped hands."
6 cakes in a package — 40 cents.

Trial sample for a 2 cent stamp.

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.

London, 64 Great Russell St., W.C. Sydney, 161 Clarence St.

CREAM" TOILET SOAP, 15 CENTS.

Luxury Shaving Tablet
25 Cents.
Round — just fits the
edge. Delicate
perfume.

"Genuine Yankee"
Soap 10 Cents.
Oldest and most famous
cake of shaving soap
in the world.

NOTE — If your dealer fails to supply you — we will send
soaps to any address — postpaid — on receipt of price.

WILLIAMS' EXQUISITE "JERSEY

Rambler BICYCLES

\$60 POPULAR LIST PRICE \$60

will always be remembered
because, no matter how much
the price has been reduced,
from year to year, the quality
has improved each season.

"Rambler"

always will mean "the best
there is in wheels."

This season they are

\$60

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Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York,
Brooklyn, Detroit, Cincinnati,
Buffalo, Cleveland, London.

PATENT COVERS

FILING PUCK, 75 CENTS.

By Mail, \$1.00.

Address: PUCK, 39 East Houston St., New York.

No one is so good that he can read
an item in which swear words are repre-
sented by blanks, without mentally sup-
plying them.—Atchison Globe.



A REMEDY.

MRS. KELLY. — Faith, there 's many a slip twix' the cup and the lip, Mrs. Cassidy.

MRS. CASSIDY. — Faith, Mrs. Kelly, ef yez have got so bad as that whoo don't yez
take bromide?

All persons afflicted with dyspepsia will find
immediate relief and sure cure by using Dr.
Sieger's Angostura Bitters.

Cook's Imperial Champagne is an extra dry
wine of a delicious and fruity flavor. No menu is
complete without it.

A WACO, Texas, man kicked a dog and a duel ensued. It must be a good
thing to be a dog in Waco, Texas.—Washington Capital.

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN has se-
lected for the title of her forthcoming
book, "I, Too, Have Passed Through
Wintry Terrors." Serves her right. The
Klondike is no fit place for women.—
Norristown Herald.



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Newest
Sensation for
Luncheons.

Minced
Chicken highly seasoned
with Mexican spices and
wrapped in corn husks.
Unique, delicious.
At Grocers Half pound can
mailed for 10¢ in stamps.



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KANSAS CITY MO. U.S.A.

A Bicycle Boot

travel stained, mud
splattered, gray with
dust and shabby look-
ing, can be made to
look as good as new
with a little

VICI Leather Dressing

Polishes leather and
softens it. Gives it the
lustre it had when it left
the makers' hands. Good
for any kind of leather,
any kind of shoes. Sold
by all dealers. Made
by the makers of the
famous Vici Kid.

An illustrated book of in-
struction—"How to buy and
care for your Shoes," mailed free.

ROBERT H. FOERDEBER, Philadelphia.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE.

20, 34 and 36 Bleeker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Lexington Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

BELLE. — I see by the papers that a
West Virginia girl has shot a man who
trod on her toes.

BETTIE. — It would n't be a bad idea
to print that item on the cover of the
order of dances for our sociable.—
Yonkers Statesman.

Your Safety

demands that your bicycle have
the wonderful invisible brake
found only on the

Waverley

Bicycle \$50

It is well worth your while to
study the Waverley Catalogue.

INDIANA BICYCLE COMPANY
Indianapolis, Ind.



LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATE BONBONS.

"LOWNEY" ON EVERY PIECE.

Celebrated for their PURITY as well as for their
DELICIOUS QUALITY AND DELIGHTFUL FLAVRS.

A Trial Package for 10 Cents in Stamps.

When not to be had of dealers we will send on re-
ceipt of price: 1-lb. box 60¢; 2-lb. box \$1.20; 3-lb. box
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States. Address all correspondence to

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., 100 Pearl St., Boston.
NEW YORK RETAIL STORE, 1123 Broadway, (25th St.)
BOSTON RETAIL STORE, 116 Washington Street.

If a man can only keep a girl hating
him long enough she is pretty sure to
fall in love with him.—Detroit Free
Press.

THE NORTH SHORE LIMITED: Leaves New York at 10.00 every morning via New York Central.
Arrives at Chicago at 9.00 next morning via Michigan Central.

NOT FRIGHTENED.

"Would you be willing to live in a haunted house?" inquired Mrs. Meekton, who had been considering the advisability of moving.

"Well, Henrietta," was the answer, "I must say it would be a good deal of a comfort to be able to hear noises without having to get up and hunt burglars." — *Washington Star*.

SOME MEN make their intentions of being better an excuse for not being so.—*Ram's Horn*.

IF the whispering of two women doesn't make your goose flesh rise, you are in a perfectly healthful condition. — *Atchison Globe*.

Somerset Club



Absolutely
Pure.
Very Old.
Delicious
Flavor.

Maryland Rye

Acknowledged by Connoisseurs
to have no superior.

TONICAL IN EFFECTS.

Used by Families, Clubs, Cafes and Hotels.
Sold at all first-class Grocers and by Jobbers.
EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

THEATRE PATRON
(to TICKET SPECULATOR).—No tickets left in the box office. What's your charge to-night?

SPECULATOR.—Three dollars.

PATRON.—I want two.

SPECULATOR.—Two. Got a lady with ye?

PATRON.—Yes.

SPECULATOR.—Wife or Sister.

PATRON.—N-o; a young lady.

SPECULATOR.—Here's the tickets. Eight dollars. — *New York Weekly*.

WHAT a difference there is between what we are and what we want others to be! — *Ram's Horn*.

CARSTAIRS RYE

A Century favorite

Formerly well known
as the Original
Monogram
Whiskey.

CARSTAIRS, MC CALL & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA



HOUSE ESTABLISHED 1788.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

A Patient of 74 Years Rescued from
Imminent Death, by

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

A case stated by Dr. E. C. Laird,

Members of the North Carolina Medical Society, Member American Medical Association, and formerly Resident Physician at the Springs:

"Mr. —, age 74, arrived at BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS in an exceedingly prostrate condition, exhibiting unmistakable symptoms of Bright's Disease, viz.: puffiness of the face, eyes suffused, impaired vision, breathing labored and distressed, heart involved, inability to take a recumbent position for any length of time, feet and legs so swollen that he could not wear his shoes, and Uremic poison to such an extent that he was generally asleep when sitting in his chair. Examination of the Urine the day after his arrival, both chemical and microscopical, showed the presence of albumen, tube-casts, and epithelium, confirming the diagnosis of Bright's Disease. This situation, especially in view of his advanced years, seemed to preclude the possibility of benefit from any remedy. He was put, however, upon the water of Spring No. 2, which, to my equal surprise and gratification, proved promptly and highly beneficial, and to such an extent that he rested comfortably in bed, which he had not been able to do for several months previous. His improvement, excepting an intermission at one time of a few days, was continuous and steady during a stay of twelve weeks at the Springs, and so rapid that when he left, not only had all symptoms of his trouble entirely disappeared, but he had gained largely in flesh, and possessed a healthful vigor by no means common to men of his years."

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally. Pamphlets on application.

PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VA.
Springs open for guests from June 15th to October 1st.

IT is a sign of age in a woman when she begins to get out of a buggy backwards. — *Atchison Globe*.

To marry for money, may turn out to be like going to the hornet for honey. — *Ram's Horn*.



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MADE BY AMERICAN LABOR

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Luxurious Writing!



(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable and are ahead of all others.

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale from J. B. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William St.; EDWARD KIMPTON, 49 John St.; TOWER MFG. CO., 308 Broadway, New York.
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BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

"I HOPE," said the minister, soothingly, "that you are quite reconciled to the future, my friend?"

"Yes," said the victim of the accident; "I think I could die happy if it was n't for one thing."

"And what is that?"

"I can't help wondering what improvements they will make in bicycles after I am dead," — *Washington Capital*.

IT is doubtful if any woman loves the Lord to the extent of being willing to let her cut glass for a church social. — *Atchison Globe*.

THE proof of the pie is in the amount of crust that is eaten. — *Roxbury Gazette*.

On a Yacht

In a gale just as well as a calm



Turn it
Upside Down
Drink it all
There are no dregs

The success of over one hundred years of brewing is contained in...

Evans' India Pale Ale

The drink for all who love good things.

Assured many years to come by the famous Indian Pale Ale.

Rich as Cream.

Without Sassafras.

Fine Beer Flavors.

C. H. EVANS & SONS,
Brewing and Bottling Works,
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The Always Ready Ale.

NO SEDIMENT — THAT'S WHY.

SHIPPED on APPROVAL

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UPHELD BY THE STRENGTH OF ITS PEOPLE

JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT MAKES PEOPLE STRONG

We are not Enthusiastic about the



simply earnest.

We do not claim much, only that it is the Best Bicycle Lamp on Earth

ITS SUPERIORITY is shown in three principal points:

GIVES THE MOST LIGHT IT STAYS ALIGHT IN SPITE OF WIND AND JAR IS HANDSOME IN APPEARANCE

Send for circular or, better still, send \$2.50 which is the reasonable price at which we sell one, delivered anywhere

R. E. DIETZ COMPANY, 60 Laight Street.

Established in 1849 in the Manufacture of Lamps and Lanterns. New York City.



20TH CENTURY ELECTRO VAPOR LAUNCH...

Seats 8, speed 6 miles, costs to run 11c. per hour. Guaranteed to run a year on one charge. Price, \$200. Send 10c. for large catalogue of Steam and Sail Yachts, Launches, etc., in steel, wood and aluminum.

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., Lakeview, Racine, Wis.

Columbia
Bevel-Gear
Chainless Bicycles
\$125
TO ALL ALIKE.
The NEWEST Bicycle
with the OLDEST name.
Columbia Chain Wheels, \$75
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Machines and Prices
Guaranteed.
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CATALOGUE free from any COLUMBIA dealer, or by mail for one cent stamp



Our Price
is the
Highest.

Perry PNEUMATIC
BICYCLE SADDLES
sell for from \$1 to \$2 more than other saddles. They cost the difference to make and are worth it. Send for "Saddle Philosophy," and have it proven to you. No matter what saddle you are riding, we want you to ride the "Perry" for two weeks. It won't cost you a cent, and you needn't buy the saddle unless you feel that you can't get along without it. Send us \$4, giving us an idea whether you are small, medium or large, and we will send saddle prepaid, and after two weeks' trial if you are dissatisfied return the saddle, and we will refund the money.

HARRIS TOY CO., Dept. D, Toledo, Ohio.

RHEINSTROM BROS.
CINCINNATI
Angostura Bark Bitters
Best of all Cocktail or
Tonic Bitters.
5 Bottle of this is equivalent
to a bottle of the best of
the others.
1 Bottle is as good as a bottle
of most of the others.
For sale by all Leading
Jobbers and Retailers.

THE minister, with his little son Charles, was calling on an old parishioner, who poured her troubles into his sympathizing ear, ending with the remark, "I've had my nose held to the grindstone for thirty years."

Charley, who had been looking intently at the old lady, instantly remarked, "Well, it has n't worn the mole on the end of it off yet." — *Harper's Bazaar*.

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COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST

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Louisville, Ky.

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THERE is much of both the lion and the donkey in everybody. — *Ram's Horn*.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS,



The Best Pens Made.

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Ask your Stationer for "ESTERBROOK'S"

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John Street, N. Y.

A SENSE OF SUPERIORITY.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to use poisoned arrows," exclaimed the philanthropist.

"White men never do such things?" queried the Indian.

"Never!" was the proud response. "We white men lay traps for our enemies and kill them by the hundred with dynamite." — *Washington Star*.

"I DON'T think that young man who comes to see you will ever set any part of the world on fire."

"Oh! well, you can't tell, Papa; you know, he smokes cigarettes." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

Pepsalt



INDIGESTION HAS NO TERRORS FOR HIM

That salt-shaker is filled with PEPSALT. It cures and prevents indigestion. Season your food with it. It tastes like salt; in fact is salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. The PEPSALT mixes with every particle of your food and digests it all. Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO.

Permanent Building, 172 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.

MISS YOUNGTHING.—Boo-hoo-hoo! Charley's given me a ring set with a mean little turquoise.

HER MOTHER.—That's an emblem of constancy.

MISS YOUNGTHING.—It is n't! It's a proof of stinginess! — *The Jewelers' Weekly*.

THE BALANCE THE OTHER WAY.

BOATMAN.—I am the man who sprang into the water and saved a member of your family. You remember you offered \$500 to any one who would rescue her.

MILLIONAIRE.—Y-e-s, I know; but at that time I thought it was my wife who was in danger. It was my wife's mother.

BOATMAN.—Just my luck! Well, how much do I owe you? — *New York Weekly*.

ONE PIPEFUL—
ONE HOUR—
ONE THIRD
of a Cent!

Cheap
Isn't it?
for
SURBRUG'S
GOLDEN
SCEPTRE

No. 4711 ESSENCE OF
Rhine Violets
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Rhine Violets
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The highest degree of refinement.—Wonderfully delicate and lasting.—Absolutely true odor of the living flower.—Be sure to get the "No. 4711."

Sole U. S. Agents
MÜLHENS & KROPFF
NEW YORK

WILLING TO DISPENSE WITH IT.

"Wildly, you're getting a very bad reputation. You'll lose it entirely if you keep on."

"I wish I could," — *Detroit Free Press*.

YEAST.—I know a violinist who gets \$200 for fiddling just 15 minutes.

CRIMSONBEAK.—I know one who ought to get 200 days. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

WIESBADEN. NEAR THE RHINE.

A GREAT HEALTH RESORT, with Most Favorable Climatic Conditions and Even Temperature.

Open for all Courses of Treatment, with Recreation and Amusement throughout the year:

SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN and WINTER.

Celebrated "KOCHSALZ-THERMEN" 55 DEGREES RÉAUMUR.

23 Thermal Wells. 29 Bathing Pavilions, containing 1000 Bath Houses, Spray and Rain Douches, etc. Over 100 Comfortable Hotels, Furnished Room Hotels, etc.

Cold-Water Cure Institute, Electric, Pine Needle, Russian, Roman, Irish, Steam, Mud, Compr. Air, Swimming and Medicinal Baths of all kinds—Electrotherapeutic, Orthopedic, Gymnastic apparatus for healing purposes. Massage Institute for Nervous Diseases, Morphium Patients, etc. Celebrated Eye, Infirmaries, Diet, Kneipp, and Terrain Cures. Milk Cures. Air Mineral Water for Drinking. Inhalatories. Covered Drinking Halls and Promenades. Gout Cure in Autumn. **RENOWNSD SPECIALISTS.**

Connected with the "Kurhaus" is a Concert Hall, Reading Room (over 200 Newspapers), Reception and Dancing Parlors, Cafe and Restaurant, a Beautiful Park and Play Grounds. Three Concerts Daily. Festivities arranged by the Board of Managers. Garden and Summer-night Festivals. Fireworks, Corso, Excursions on the Rhine, Ball, Reunions. Concerts given by First-Class Artists. Lectures, etc. Lawn Tennis, Bicycle, Trunk, Billiards, Soccer. Large Neighboring Forest. Grand Royal Theatre, Picture Palace, Operas and Dramas. Several Private Theatres. Operetta, Spectacles, etc. A Museum, Picture Gallery, Permanent Art Exhibition.

MOST AGREEABLE SOCIAL LIFE.

Desirable private residences. Excellent opportunities for family life. (Elegant Villas, Flats, etc.) High Schools, Gymnasium, Seminaries, Musical Conservatories, etc. Low tax rates. Excellent Business and Traveling Facilities. Illustrated Prospects Free on Application to the **Städtische Kurverwaltung**.

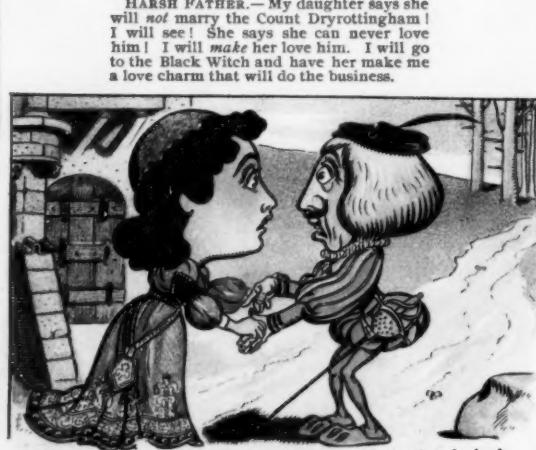
PUCK.



THE DAUGHTER. — Oh! what shall I do? If he makes me take that love charm I will lose all my love for my dear Frothingay and love that mummified Count Dryrottingham. There goes my cruel father out now. He goes to see the Black Witch. I will follow.



THE BLACK WITCH. — All you will have to do is to invite the Count to dinner and have your daughter present; surreptitiously slip one of these pills in your daughter's wine and the other in the Count's wine. They will drink, and whatsoever man and woman drink of these two pills at the same time will bear towards each other the strongest and most undying love.



HARSH FATHER. — My daughter says she will not marry the Count Dryrottingham! I will see! She says she can never love him! I will make her love him. I will go to the Black Witch and have her make a love charm that will do the business.



THE HARSH FATHER (as he puts the pills in the wine). — By my halidom! Scads, forsooth! Just look at that little insect crawling up there on the rafters!



THE DAUGHTER (as she changes her glass for her aunt's). — Oh! there goes another one; all look! See!



COUNT DRYROTTINGHAM (fifteen minutes after dinner, meeting AUNT WANTMAN in a quiet corner). — Oh! my darling, my Rose! My Life! My Soul! Why did I never know until this hour how I loved thee with this undying, unquenchable love? Come, quick! Let us fly together, my ownest own!

AUNT WANTMAN. — Oh! Count, darling! The fires of love burn only for thee. I am thine. I love none but thee. We will away!



THE DAUGHTER. — Why, what is the matter, Father? **THE HARSH FATHER (purple with rage).** — Ye ten thousand devils! I have been foiled. My plans have gone for naught. That parchment-skinned traitor has eloped with your aunt! That witch has fooled me. I will hang her carcass on my outer walls! — I will — (falls down in an apoplectic fit.)



THE HARSH FATHER (seebly). — Children, I have not long to live. That last blow almost killed Father. Match-making is not in my line. Take her, my son, and be happy. All I have belongs to you. Bless you, my children, bless you!